The Baptist Herald

A DENOMINATIONAL PAPER VOICING THE INTERESTS OF THE GERMAN BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

Volume Nine

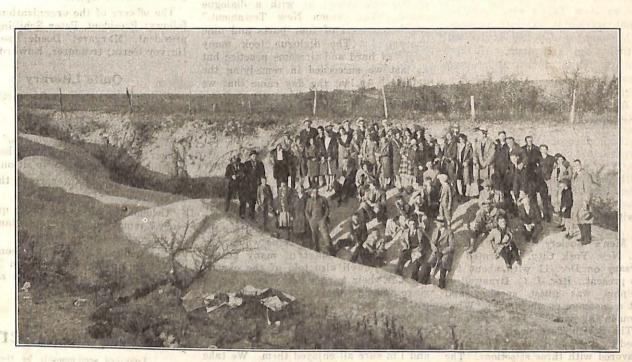
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CLEVELAND, O., JANUARY 15, 1931

Number Two

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Group of over 60 young people who went on a Hike and Sunrise Breakfast Thanksgiving morning at Texas-Louisiana Fall Assembly held with the Cottonwood church, Texas

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January 15, 1931

What's Happening

Our Serial Story "Ginger Ella" con- church until its amalgamation with the B. Y. P. U. of Round Lake Church cludes in this number. The story by Oak St. Church, Burlington. He is sur-Grace Livingston Hill begins with the February first issue of the "Baptist Her- loved the Lord Jesus Christ and his re-

Rev. George A. Lang of Lorraine, Kans, assisted Rev. Theo. Frey in the church at La Salle, Colo., for about 10 days in special meetings. A fine spirit manifested itself.

Rev. A. W. Lang, pastor of the Danzig and Tyndall, S. Dak., churches, after a long and faithful pastorate of twelve years, has resigned to become pastor at hold Zech. I'm sure all that heard them Buffalo Center, Ia.

Rev. Paul A. Friederichsen, pastor of the Gross Park Immanuel Church, Chicago, Ill., had the joy of baptizing four boys in connection with the Watch Night services on New Year's eve. Another baptismal service is in near prospect in which a number of young women will follow their Lord in baptism. All these converts are fruits of revival meetings held some months ago.

The Alberta churches will have two Bible schools this winter for their young people and Sunday school workers, one in the southern part of the province with the Freudental church, near Carbon, from Jan. 11-23 and one in the northern part with the Wiesental church near Leduc from Jan. 25-Feb. 6. Both will be conducted by General Secretary A. P. Mihm with the help of Alberta pastors.

The Men's Society of the Harlem Church, New York City, celebrated its anniversary on Dec. 11 with about 140 persons present. Rev. J. G. Draewell of Philadelphia was guest speaker and brought a message on the topic: "What hast thou in thy hand?" The missionary play, "The Stolen Testament," was well presented by a group of men. The men's choir favored with three selections. The missionary offering was \$30.25.

A concert of first-class quality and merit was given in the Bethel Church, Detroit, on Dec. 18. The members of the choir, numbering 38 under the direction of Glen C. Klepinger, and the Bethel Symphony Orchestra of 22 pieces, directed by Philip W. Miner, and Mrs. Lilian Zanoth as organist were the main contributors to the program. Two numbers, "Cherubic Hymn" and "Beautiful Savior." were beautifully rendered a capella choir, assisted by Junior girls.

Rev. D. J. Siems of Prairie Grove, Ia., passed away after a brief illness on New Year's day in his sixty-sixth year. He lived all his life at Prairie Grove where he gave himself without stint to the church there. In 1910 he was ordained and served as pastor of the Prairie Grove

vived by his wife and four children. He demption was his theme and his song. We express our sympathy to the bereaved family and rejoice in our brother's faith-

News From Lansing, Mich.

The second Sunday of November the German choir of 24 from the Burns Ave. Church in Detroit came and gave us a musical program with their leader, Reinenjoyed it and also received a great blessing. The attendance at two of the programs was over 300.

On November 16 the young people of our church, with the help of the three choirs, entertained us with a dialogue called, "The Stolen New Testament." which consisted of four parts and nine characters. The dialogue took many weeks of hard and tiresome practice but at last we succeeded in remedying the defects. At last the day came that we should give it, and it was very successful. All of the young people did to the best of their ability. The three choirs gave two selections each of which was very good.

A silver wedding anniversary celebration was given November 30 in the honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Powell. The pastor, Rev. Schlesinger, gave a talk and a reading which told of their love for each other and their faith in God for the past twenty-five years, during which they have won the respect of many people. Mrs. E. Powell also told of the experiences in their twenty-five years of marriage and how they worked together, always one for the other, in order to please each other. Alfred Kwast, Walley Powell and Mr. Arnold Powell also gave a selection. The talks were very interesting and I'm sure all enjoyed them. We take this opportunity of publicly wishing them all good things and many more years in the service of the King. May their host of friends grow dearer to them!

In the month of November the Ladies Aid gave a chicken supper and a large crowd attended. The supper was very good and also very successful. They made a great deal, considering the conditions of the people. Now that we are going into the new year, the B. Y. P. U. are going to do more than they have ever done before. We are all trying to cooperate, so that all of the things that we undertake to do, are going to go "over the top." The Ladies Aid and the Sunday school are also going to do better than they have ever done in the past year. In all of the different social activities we are trying to increase our membership. MARGARET MANN, Reporter.

The B. Y. P. U. Society of the Round Lake Baptist Church, Gladwin, Mich., was once again reorganized on October 26, 1930, with 36 members on the list. The number has since grown to 44, and the prospects for further growth are

The society meets every second Tuesday in the church, has a short song service, scripture reading and prayer, after which the roll call is taken. Each member responds with a Bible verse.

At the present time we are having a contest in which we receive credit for attendance, response to roll call with a Bible verse, visitors we bring and new members who join. Our organization is divided into two groups, the "Reds" and "Blues," and both divisions are showing a fine "Contest" spirit.

The officers of the organization are as follows: President, Peter Schilling; vicepresident, Margaret Doede; secretary, Harvey Gertz; treasurer, Edward Doede.

Quite Literary

The estimation of what constitutes a literary family differs.

"Is the family literary?"

"Well, they have some books," replied Booker; "a check-book, a work-book, and a dictionary for the baby to sit on."

The negro maid interpreted the word

"Colonel Brown seems to be quite literary," remarked the visitor, glancing at the magazines on the floor.

"Yas, ma'am," replied the ebony-faced girl; "yas, ma'am, he sholy am literary. He jes' nat'ally littahs things all ovah this yer house."

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The Baptist Herald

Don't Give Up Your Paper

THE business and farm depression which has struck many sections of our country is also making itself felt as far as the denominational paper is concerned. Where income has been lessened the temptation is to cut down expenses and the church and matters connected with religious work are sometimes the first to be made victims of the cut. Our Publication Society is feeling this keenly as reports from agents and boosters for the 1931 subscriptions for our papers are coming in. It is a situation that fills our Publication manager with alarm. He feels that our Publication work is passing through a time of trial and facing a crisis as many other departments of our general denominational work are also doing.

We sympathize deeply with all of our members who are financially hard pressed at this time. We know many of our churches are in rural sections that are suffering greatly from extremely low prices for their products. Many in our industrial centers are unemployed or working only part time or may be facing wage reductions. Yet we hope, earnestly hope, that our good German Baptist people will keep up their church and missionary obligations as long and as much as possible and make withdrawals if they must be made here last instead of first. Keep up your "Baptist Herald" and "Sendbote" and other papers. Do not isolate or separate yourself from other Baptists. Keep yourself informed. Keep up that which will help to nourish and stimulate fellowship and the spiritual life. Don't give up your "Baptist Herald."

Life's Radium

O NCE in the Bureau of Standards in Washington a tiny tube containing less than two thousandths of an ounce of radium was accidentally dropped on a hardwood floor and broken. With a camel's hair brush they swept up the radium. Then they washed the floor with ordinary water to get the rest of it. But enough remained to render necessary another washing, this time with acidulated water, and still another, with soda water, and a fourth time, with hydrant water. Each washing yielded about \$400 worth of radium, and still the floor was alive with radium emanations, and no accurate scientific measurements could be made in that room. Finally a carpenter came and scraped the floor. Three years later the shavings were burned, and the ashes were found to be strong in radium emanations. Is not this experience a parable of human influence, either good or bad? Once that influence has been exerted, it is almost impossible to get rid of it.

Good Business?

THE manager of a big factory in Chicago once paid such a fine tribute to his home training that we wonder how he could content himself to spend his life without making some kind of a worthy return. He said: "My father was a minister. My bringing up was very strict. I never go to church. I am not a religious man, but I owe more than I can tell to the careful training in religion and morals that I received in my home." Doesn't he owe something to the church and to his own children?

Editorial Jottings

"THE GIRL FROM MONTANA" is the title of the new serial story by Grace Livingston Hill, which will begin in the next number of the "Baptist Herald." Don't miss any installment. Mrs. Hill's stories captivate the reader.

THE ARTICLE on "Conference Meditations" by Bro. Zummach is a timely one, especially in a General Conference year. It contains many practical suggestions which all conference, convention, institute and assembly program makers may ponder with profit.

WE HOPE all our boosters by this time have sent in all the 1931 suscriptions for the "Baptist Herald" to Mr. Donner and have done their utmost not only to hold all old subscribers but to gain many new ones. It is not too late to glean the field once more for others who may still be won to the ranks of our readers.

THE "WATCHMAN-EXAMINER" prints the following motto found in Woodland Christian Church (colored), Kansas City, Mo.: "Wake up, sing up, preach up, pray up, pay up, stay up, and never give up, or let up, or back up, or shut up, until the cause of Christ in this church and the world is built up." This is a comprehensive program and it may seem to endeavor to cover too much ground at once, but every one of us can tackle one part after another until we finally get around to all of it. It will at least keep us occupied if we faithfully try to carry it out. Our churches will flourish if we get behind such a motto.

THERE ARE minimum and maximum Christians. A minimum Christian is one who is getting along or getting by with the least possible expenditure of thought, prayer and energy upon the Christian life. The Scriptures say rebukingly of such Christians that they are saved, but "So as through fire." They have no margin to spare, no surplus to carry over. Yet Christ came to give abundant life. Being a minimum Christian is not the New Testament type. We are called to higher things—called to be maximum ing is a natural function of the body. Did not Carsomething extraordinary for Christ. Let us remember that Christ did something extraordinary for us.

The Denominational Paper

66 ODAY, as of old, it may be said: My people perish for lack of knowledge. It is absolutely imperative that our Baptist people shall be informed if they are to be enlisted. Intelligence and integrity are the very life-blood of a democracy. Just here, the opportunity of our Baptist papers comes in, and theirs is an incomparable opportunity. It is nothing short of a tragedy that these papers do not have tenfold more than their present list of subscribers. Every Baptist home in the land ought to read every week the denominational paper. May God hasten the realization of this acutely necessary goal! And may he also give needed wisdom for the editors and all others who write for these papers! To the faithfully discriminating, constructive, Christian paper, the denomination owes immeasurable debt of gratitude. By all means, let us all worthily magnify our denominational papers. They furnish our supreme medium for informing our people. And let us pray without ceasing, that the editors and all others who write for these papers shall be clothed with God's wisdom and Spirit for their exalted mission! Beyond question, our papers largely hold the key to our denominational spirit and progress."—Geo. W. Truett.

The Forgotten Secret of the Church

JOHN LEYPOLDT

O NE of the most fascinating and important and yet one of the most difficult and mysterious subjects that the human mind can dwell on is the subject of prayer. In dealing with this vital topic we are brought face to face with one of the fundamental facts in human life. Prayer is as old as humanity itself. It is not something that has been superimposed upon man by the priests of some religion; it is not a beautiful illusion or something that has been outlawed or made superfluous by modern science.

Prayer Is Universal

When one studies the subject of prayer, one discovers that it is to be found among all peoples and in all ages. Some of the most beautiful prayers are to be found outside of the Christian religion. One might as well try to eliminate physical hunger as to

Christians, who will be lavish with love, not grow lyle recognize this when he said: "Prayer is and reweary in well-doing, and who will even dare to do mains the native and deepest impulse of the soul of man. Prof. W. James said: "The reason why we do pray is simply that we cannot help praying." Many definitions for prayer have been given and yet no single definition covers the entire range of prayer. It has been said that prayer is the forgotten secret of the church. When we realize the importance of prayer as pointed out in the Scriptures, when we study the spiritual development of the Christian church and the lives of great men of God, we think that prayer is to a large extent the forgotten secret sened the temptation is to cut down .darud. and to

and all Why Is Prayer Neglected? datum and

We believe there are at least two main reasons why prayer has been largely neglected in our day.

First, we are living in a materialistic and practical age. The present age is a commercial one, devoted to the outward and the practical. Emphasis is placed upon quantity and efficiency. Never were there so many conveniences, so many attractions and so much reading material as in our day. We cannot get away from the fact that we are living in a money-grabbing and pleasure-mad age. It is the temporal, the visible, the exterior of life that attracts even most of the Christians of our day. Not only the young people but many of the older folk are living an unbalanced life. M. souborq risht rol

Secondly, we are living in an extremely busy and nerve-racking age. Never was the world in such a hurry as today. The keynote of modern business is speed. Even our religion is hurried. We as a generation because of commercialism and speed are suffering from spiritual shallowness. A gentleman who visited America quite recently said of us: "You are not driving the machine of civilization, you are being driven."

So much of our life is lived on the surface. Prayer has suffered because we have been caught in the current of modern life and the church has to a large extent lost the secret of power because other things are crowding it out. Here again some non-Christian leaders put us Christians to shame. General Kodoma, of the Japanese army during the Russian war, used to retire each morning for an hour of prayer. When asked the reason, he and swered: "When a man has done everything in his power, there remains nothing but the help of the gods." Mahatma Gandhi, Sherwood Eddy tells us, begins daily with his hour of prayer at four every morning. Prayer cannot be ignored without immeasurable spiritual loss to the individual, the church and human society.

A Great Intellectual Difficulty

But as soon as young people really think of prayer, they are bound to think of someone to whom they must prove the bound to think of someone to whom they must pray. Here a great intellectual difficulty arises. We don't see God. No man has seen God at make an attempt to eradicate the desire for prayer.

where? When we try to think this question through, we have to where? When we would be every where? When we would be every where? we have to confess that it is beyond human compreminds that we have to exclaim with Job: "Canst God." thou by searching find out God?"

We feel like H. W. Beecher who said that when he tried to think of God without thinking of Christ there went up in his mind "a vague mental mist." Bunyan said: "My reason cannot discover God." Dryden exclaims: "How can the less the greater rain; and all mingled with a delicious restfulness comprehend or finite reason reach infinity, for what most nearly describes my feelings. I talk to him as could fathom God were more than he." We can do to a companion in prayer and praise, and our comno better than fall back upon Jesus who said: "God munion is delightful." Tennyson writing to a friend is Spirit." Although we cannot see nor understand God we can believe with Jesus that God is a spir- out God's presence; but to feel that he is by my side itual Reality. God says to us today: "Live as though now just as much as you are, that is the very joy of I were and you shall know that I am." Jesus did not prove but announced God. To him God was the cant words: "There is a power in the soul quite disgreat Reality.

Who Is Our Supreme Authority in the Realm of Prayer?

Jesus is our supreme authority in the moral and spiritual realm. If we want to believe in the reality of God and the importance of prayer, we must follow in his thoughts and actions and make his experiences. If we as young and older people cannot follow him, then we have no one who has fully lighted up the unseen, infinite and eternal God for us in his matchless beauty and universal love. Only through Christ's revelation has it become possible for man to say: "God is Spirit, God is Light, God is Love." In trying to make God real to ourselves our whole personality must be considered. Not only the intellect but also the emotions and the will.

Jesus certainly believed that God was always near him. Otherwise he could not have prayed in the river Jordan, on the mount of transfiguration, in the desert place, at the grave of Lazarus, in the upper room in Jerusalem, in the garden of Gethsemane and finally on the cross. Jesus experienced God everywhere. Christ felt he could have communion with the Father at any time and in any place. The gospels prove this fact. Others have made the same experience.

What Great Men of Prayer Experienced

When one reads about the inner life of the masters in prayer one is struck with the fact time and time again that they felt the presence of God.

Let us look at some of the experiences made by men of prayer. Brother Lawrence says: "Prayer is nothing else but a sense of God's presence." That mystic monk did not see but he felt God's nearness. Horace Bushnell says: "I fell into the habit of talk- Your walk made a much greater impression than ing with God on every occasion. I talk myself asleep at night and open the morning talking with him." When he was suffering from an incurable disease more of a compliment to a minister to be known by the Rev. J. Twichell visited him, and as they sat together under the starry sky, Bushnell said: "One of us ought to pray." Twichell asked Bushnell to than in our daily walk. Christianity lived out day do so and the great preacher poured out his heart in prayer until, said Twichell in recalling the inci- ever could go. Better to be remembered by what

hension to grasp God with our finite minds. We can darkness lest I should touch God." The great mysform no adequate mental conception of God. He is tic Fenelon said in one of his spiritual letters: "Reso great, so wonderful and so far beyond our puny new often within you the feeling of the presence of

> Prof. James tells of a man who said: "God is more real to me than any thought or thing or person. I feel his presence positively, and the more as I live in closer harmony with his laws as written in my body and mind. I feel him in the sunshine or said: "I should be sorely afraid to live my life withof my heart." James A. Froude wrote these signifitinct from the intellect by which God is felt. The Christian knows through the heart." Monk, preacher, poet, layman all testify to the blessed experience of feeling God's presence.

What we need in our day is a more spiritual type of religion, a more intense desire for intimate fellowship with God and a deeper yearning for the spiritual realities of our religion. We have lost much because we have not made better use of the writings of great mystics like Fenelon, Thomas a Kempis, John Tauler and others. I believe we have a perfect right to claim the very best in the Christian religion, whether it comes from Catholic or Protestant sources. Did not Paul say: "All things are ours"? I wonder if Christian Science, New Thought, Unity and other modern "isms" would have made such inroads in our and other churches if we had laid greater emphasis on the inner life. Has not mysticism or the emphasis upon the interior life almost always been a reaction against formalism and ceremonialism, against a cold and corrupt form of Christianity? Has that not been the main reason for Pietists, Quietists, mystics, Puritans and Quakers? If we read the writings of these men who spent much time in meditation and prayer, we shall discover how they enrich our own lives.

Remembered by What?

WO clergymen, passing along a city street, I were accosted by a young man who addressed one of them: "Aren't you Dr. M-? I knew you right away by your walk. I used to be a member of your congregation almost ten years ago."

As he passed on, the minister's friend laughed. "You see," he bantered, "it wasn't your sermons. your sermons did."

"Well," was the quiet retort, "don't you think it his walk than by his conversation?"

There is no better place to show our Christianity after day will go much further than any sermon dent: "I was afraid to stretch out my hand in the we have done than by what we have said.



Members of the Mowata, La., B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school

This group traveled 425 miles from Mowata (Branch), La., to Cottonwood (Lorena), Tex., to win the Attendance banner at the annual Young People's Fall Assembly held during Thanksgiving week. Reading from left to right: Arthur Loewer, Mrs. Arthur Loewer, Paul Loewer, Miss Clara Loewer, Rev. P. Hintze.

Texas B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Assembly

The Thanksgiving holidays were happy holidays for the young people of Texas and Louisiana, for the Fall Assembly was held Nov. 26-30, with the Cottonwood church. Everyone present received a broader view of our young people's work. We also received new energy and useful instructions to carry on the Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. work in a more thorough and efficient manner in the fu-

All addresses and sermons were based on the Assembly theme: "The Challenge of Life," and the Assembly motto: "Our Lives for Christ, through Vision, then Training and in Service." Bro. A. A. Schade gave the keynote address on: "The Challenge of the Kingdom." Thursday evening Dr. J. B. Tidwell, Head of Bible Dept., Baylor University, brought a wonderful message on: "Christ and the Young People," in which he impressed the large audience with the thought that Christ has a special work for everyone. Friday evening Bro. Schade gave a strong address on: "The Responsibility of Youth for Christian Progress."

Thanksgiving morning at 6.30 about 60 young people enjoyed a hike and sunrise breakfast. Just as we reached the end of our pleasant hike and saw the campfires among the beautiful White Rock Hills, the sun rose in the horizon. It is hardly necessary to say that the hikers enjoyed their breakfast at the end of the long hike on such a beautiful and brisk morning.

Thursday and Friday morning the day was begun by a 15-minute devotional period which served to put every one in the right mood for a day of study, play and attention. The devotional periods were followed by two class periods each forenoon. The classes and teachers were as follows: "Training in Church Membership," by Rev. C. C. Laborn; "Winning to Christ," by Rev. P. Hintze; "Studying for Service," a junior course by Miss Mathilda Hirsch

Bro. Schade gave a lecture each afternoon on B. Y. P. U. and S. S. work. These lectures were followed by some very interesting discussions. Then followed a two-hour period of recreation which was enjoyed by all. We played old and new games and also had some stunts. The recreation committee certainly "was on

On account of much rain and bad roads some of the Saturday meetings were dropped, and on Sunday the crowd was not as large as we had expected. Nevertheless Sunday was a wonderful day. Bro. Schade and Bro. Laborn spoke to the Sunday school. Bro. A. Becker brought the morning sermon on: "The Young Christian as a Soldier of Christ." Sunday afternoon a program was given by the various B. Y. P. U's. Following the program Bro. Bartel brought a fine address on: "Growing Up Spiritually." Sunday evening Bro. Schade preached the closing sermon on: "Living for Christ," The sermon left a lasting impression with The sermon lets a leasting impression with the audience. The consecration service, in connection with the closing service, proved that the Assembly had not been

During every meeting the Assembly was treated to special music furnished by the various unions. It was also a great pleasure to have Bro. Schade and Bro. Geis in our midst.

During the afternoon discussions our thoughts drifted to children's songs. Our Union feels the need of a special children's song book in the German and English language, therefore a resolution was passed to publish this desire with the report. The desire is as follows: "The Texas B. Y. P. U. & S. S. Workers' Union feels the need of a special children's song book in the German and English language to be used in the Sunday school. We as a union wish we could induce and encourage the German Baptist Publication Society to take definite steps in this direction because the need of such a book is strongly felt."

During the days of the Assembly we saw that Christ has need of young people to carry on his work, that we must ever grow through visions, and train ourselves for the tasks which are set before ELEONORE BREMER, Sec.

Grace Baptist B. Y. P. U., Racine, Wis.

Our B. Y. P. U. has been active in various ways this past year. In January a body of young people went to Washington Park for a tobaggon slide where we had a jolly good time. We had a treasure hunt last spring; a progressive supper and also a hard time party this fall. The young people have been using these means to add to our enrollment which has been very successful.

Our year virtually wound up with three splendid addresses by our Field Secretary, Rev. A. A. Schade, He outlined some fine points in conducting our meetings which in the near future we expect to adopt. Our business meetings are held every last Tuesday of the month.

The biggest feature of our society is the Sunday evening meeting, held from 6.45 to 7.20. The variety of program including debates, discussions, playlets, studies, book reviews among other presentations brings to light splendid possibilities and talent in our group. Not only do we develop our spiritual selves and our natural talent but we are led in our thinking. Two discussions, "My conception of God" and "The Christian Religion" ligion," and "The Christian and thought stimulated introspection "Dethought. Two interesting debates on the nominationalism,—a Hindrance to the Christian Religion," and on "Prohibition Enforcement of the company of the compan Enforcement" brought enthusiastic com-

With our pastor, Rev. Paul F. Zoschke, and an efficient group of officers with an eager B. Y. P. U. constituency, we are expecting to gain much ground, accomplishing much ing much within our own circle and those with whom we are in touch.

RUTH WIECHERS, Sec.

Make your church a meetinghouse, the place where you meet with your heavenly

The Sunday School

Candid Correspondence

An Unposted Letter to a Sunday School Superintendent

Dear Mr. Grader:-

We all honor you for your devoted service in the Sunday school. No one can truthfully say that you are not keen on your job. Please believe that we appreciate to the full the fine qualities you manifest in discharging the duties of your important office. Largely owing to your enthusiastic advocacy, the school has been completly graded, and we all admit that it is now better organized than at any previous time in its history. We can readily understand the satisfaction with which you regularly report, at the annual church meeting, that "the school is in a healthy condition," and that "the numbers are well maintained."

In spite of these optimistic declarations, I am impelled to ask whether, after all, the state of the Sunday school is satisfactory. If the number of scholars is kept about level, it means, of course, that new scholars take the place of those who leave. What becomes of the twenty or thirty every year whose names disappear from the registers? What has become of the hundreds of scholars who have passed out of the school during the last ten or fifteen years? We know what has become of some of them. Happily, they are loyal members of the church and keen workers here or in the places whither they are removed. The trouble is that "some," in this case, means "a few." The majority, it is to be feared, have just dropped out. They may put in an appearance at the evening service on Anniversary Sunday, and occasionally the minister is asked to conduct a wedding for people who are complete strangers to him, but who were scholars in the Sunday school before his time.

You are familiar with the estimate made a generation ago that 80 per cent of the scholars are lost to the church. I am not sure whether the figure would not he higher now. In some cases, I am sure it would be. It is not right, of course, to ergue that this lamentable leakage means labor altogether wasted. Even in the lives of those we once had with us in the school, and who are not now with us in the church, good influences may still be potent, but at the same time it cannot be claimed that the results are as satisfactory as could be desired. The problem is complex, I admit, and I have no infallible solution to suggest. Still, there are certain defects that can be remedied.

For one thing, there is often a very lose connection between the school and the church, the school being run almost as an independent organization. In some places there are teachers, and even offiplaces there are places there are no contact with your teachers to get clear): it is to pro- him myself'."—Times of India.

be circumstances making such latitude of Christ. allowable, but they are not common. It would seem reasonable to expect that all the staff, even primary helpers, should be faithful church members.

Then, the teaching give-even to elder scholars-in many schools does not touch upon the church, its membership. and its ordinances. (By the way, how could such teaching be given by any but a church member?) A scholar might be ten years in a certain Baptist Sunday school without getting even the foggiest notion of what a Baptist church is, and why it is. In quite small matters, too, the gap between church and school is revealed. On some too rare occasion the school will attend, say, morning worship in the church, and be awkwardly silent while a hymn familiar to the ordinary congregation is being sung. The hymn is "not in the school hymn book," or the tune chosen is "not the Sunday school tune!" You could put these matters

Again, you could encourage the scholars to come to church, with their parents (if they can be persuaded), but otherwise arrange for teachers to meet their scholars and sit with them. Those over twelve might be invited to remain for the whole service. It seems somewhat foolish to say (in effect) to boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen, "The sermon is sure to be dull, better escape in time." Some people are such wholehogging graders that they would not have children at an ordinary service, but only at specially adapted "children's worship" in a Sunday school department. But this limitation means that the child is never in a position to be impressed by the fact that a whole company of people of all ages is worshipping God. Dr. Albert Schweitzer, in his "Memoirs of Childhood and Youth," has a notable

"I cannot support the opinion of those who would not let children take part in the grown-up services till they to some extend understand them. The important thing is not that they shall understand, but that they shall feel something of what is serious and solemn. The fact that the child sees his elders full of devotion is what gives the service its meaning for him."

I believe it is a mistake to be content with attaching a child to a purely juvenile community, for he will grow out of it. It is better to attach him also to a community for which he will never be too old. But it is too late to begin when the normal age for leaving Sunday school is being approached. Get clear as to the purpose of the Sunday school (and help

the church. They may be members else- duce Christians who will take their where, or members nowhere. There may places in the great and glorious Church

Yours faithfully, JOHN WATCH. -Baptist Times.

New Books

(Order all books through German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, O.)

Jumping Beans. By Robert N. Mc-Lean. Illustrations by Ruth King.-The Friendship Press, New York. 115 pages.

This is the story of a roaming Mexican family that migrated from Old Mexico to the United States to better their condition, living in a tent and traveling from place to place in an old auto. Hence the catchy title, Mexican Jumping Beans. How they faced the sugar beet fields of Colorado and elsewhere is told in fascinating story form; how they came in touch with Home missionary workers and finally returned to Mexico to be an influence for good there. It is fine book for Junior boys and girls and brings the missionary friendship idea into their hearts indirectly and yet forcefully by these interesting sketches. The makeup and illustrations are good.

A Record Soap-Bubble

Sir James Dewar, a scientist, blew a bubble which lived a life of fifty-six days without bursting. This bubble went through many wonderful changes during that record of existence. It changed from rainbow to silver colors. Its film wasted away, thinning it. When it was at its thinnest its color turned to a deep black. so that it could be seen only against a white bcakground and with light focused

The long life of this extraordinary soap bubble was due to elaborate precautions to keep dust off it and grease out of the water. Pure water had to be used.

The soap-bubble responded to such clean precautions exactly as the human body responds to clean living. It received added strength and vitality. The absence of the dust of sins from our lives in the same way gives us the chance to live out splendid ideals. Too often, human beings, like bubbles, are marred from impure surroundings and fail to withstand their environment.

No Go-Between

"Won't you give a shilling to the Lord?" said a Salvation Army girl to an old Aberdonian.

"How auld are ye, lassie?" he inquired. "Nineteen, sir."

"Ah, weel, I'm past seventy-five. I'll be seein' him afore you, so I'll hand it to

GINGER ELLA

By ETHEL HUESTON

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(Conclusion)

CHAPTER XIX

The new Methodist Church of Red Thrush, Iowa, was an established fact. Mr. Tolliver, his eyes carefully shielded behind the padded glasses, had preached the tender sermon which served both to dedicate the new church, and to bid farewell to his parishioners, for the general conference was to convene the week following. He had accepted the mandate of the church, and planned to live in retirement until some work of different nature could be found for him, or, as he said, until the Lord chose to bless the means used for his restoration. He continued in close correspondence with new surgeons, the best and the most expensive the Middle West afforded.

On this day, the twins had gone to college. Eddy Jackson came in his car and took them and their new bags to the train, after which with Ginger he drove slowly back to the parsonage which would be her home for a brief fortnight longer. Ginger did not know just what was to become of her and her father, but Ginger didn't care. They were always taken care of, would always be. And there was the rich munificence of the home for the blind at their command, although of this her father still knew nothing. They would remain with Miss Jenkins in the parsonage until after the conference, and then go for what they called a visit to Helen and Horace for a while, until they could decide upon the best plan for the future.

The one interest of Ginger herself was to remain in Red Thrush as long as possible. Her address as treasurer of the parsonage home was too broadly disseminated now to be lightly changed, and all of her arguments were based on that great fact.

On the very day before the departure of the twins, she had been surprised with a letter which contained, not a dime, but a check from the "New York World" for Five Dollars for the "Bright Saving," which she had long since forgotten. She read the letter, which one time would have thrilled her with delight, and tossed the check upon the dinner table with charming insouciance. Five dollars?-Pouf, a mere fifty dimes!

"But Ginger, how wonderful! Five dollars for that little paragraph. It is wonderful!"

"What, that wonderful?-Nothing, it is nothing."

But she endorsed the check with something like a flourish, and carried it her-

pleasurable about that, the cashing of the check, the knowledge in actual practise that her name and no other was required for the payment of money, that the slip of paper represented fifty little white angels, as it were.

The gold pieces she gave generously to the twins, as parting gifts. "Spending money," she said largely, and received their grateful embraces with equanimity.

When Eddy came to take them to the station, they were lavish in praise of her literary ability as well as her general philanthropy. He was delighted, congratulated her warmly.

"That's fine," he said. "I always thought you could write, you're so queer." Ginger accepted the addendage without offense. She was used to it.

"But I hope you don't call that writing," she said. "Why, I merely told that silly thing I said about borrowing

But all the enthusiasm, and the nonchalance, and the farewells, were over now. Ginger and Eddy sat alone in the living-room of the old parsonage, rather still, a little depressed with their aloneness. In the small den on the left, beyond the curve of the staircase, they could hear Hiram's low voice, talking to her father, while they sorted and packed old manuscripts, ready for removal from the house that had been their home for four years. Miss Jenkins had gone to her room, to weep over the departure of the twins. Ginger had seen her go, with relief. Miss Jenkins' weeping depressed her to the deepest extreme.

"Helen's married, the twins are gone, and father and I are fired."

"Oh, nonsense. Helen is well off and better church than Red Thrush."

"Eddy-" Her voice sank to a whisper. "Do you think he will ever see again? Do you think even the most expensive doctor in the world construction what the law says. Penitentiary miss, that's what you're up against.

"Why, of course he will see again. Didn't all the doctors say the same thing, that it was just nervous and mental re-

"It's a long time, though. Very long." "You're so impatient, Ginger. that's because you're young."

A quick loud knock at the door startled her to her feet with a nervous gasp, but she quickly recomposed herself, and went in answer. The postman stood there, and with him another man, behind them another, both strangers, inspectors, posself to the bank for cashing, requesting the courtesy of two small gold pieces in the courtesy of two small gold pieces in the postman. She smiled at

"Mail?" she asked.

The postman showed embarrassment-"Well, yes," he said awkwardly. "You are E. Tolliver, aren't you?"

THE BAPTIST HERALD

"Why, of course I am. You know I am, Ellen. Have you no letters for me?" Suddenly she was aware that the man in the rear carried a large mail pouch. He stepped ahead of the others and entered the room. The postman and his companion followed silently. Ginger followed also. Eddy Jackson stood up. The man in the dark suit opened the pouch, and lifted it high, pouring out a little stream of letters upon the table.

Then, for the first time, the third man spoke.

"Do you claim this mail?"

"Why, of course. I'm the only E. Tolliver there is. E. stands for Ellen."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, now. You claim this mail, do you? You acknowledge that it is meant for you? You admit this before witnesses?"

"Be careful, Ginger," interposed Eddy Jackson quickly, scenting trouble. "Don't you say anything. Don't commit your-

"You keep out of this, young man. Well, miss, then you-"

"Why, of course, I claim it," said Ginger quickly. "It's all right, Eddy, it's for me. Why, I've had lots just like it." She smiled disarmingly at the postman. "You know," she added significantly.

"Well, you all hear that," said the third man, in a snarling voice. "She claims it. She's the one we're after."

Ginger turned surprised, wide, innocent eyes upon his face. She did not speak.

"Well, come across now, miss. Give us the goods. Where is this here home parsonage home for the blind, you call it? I don't see any signs of it." His voice was low and ugly.

Ginger smiled nervously. "Well, but you see, this really is it. Father's blind, "Well, it's all over now," she said dully.

Helen's married, the twins are constitution parsonage, well, this is the parsonage, well, this is the parsonage. age. Everybody in town knows that

"Yeh. I know all about it, and a pretty very happy. The twins will be home for hetter church the word father will got the dope on you, right enough. Getting money under false pretenses—that's what the law calls your home for the blind. Using the mails to defraud, that's what the law says. Penitentiary business,

"No, oh, no. It is true—it really is ue. It is true. It is a home for the blind, for one blind-father."

"Begging, eh? Well, you've got to have a license in this country, even for that. Oh, we know your game, kid. We're on to you all right. We expected an alibi Shut up!" he shouted to the shocked old postman, who had endeavored to interpose a word on her behalf. "You shut up, and to up, and keep out of this." He turned to Ginger, and caught her arm in a rough grasp. "Come along, now, and no more monkey have along, now, and no more monkey business."

Eddy was a slow young man, slow to wrath, but the sight of the great red hand on C: hand on Ginger's slender arm goaded him to action.

"You take your hands off that girl!" he shouted, springing across the room with a blind violence that sent two chairs spinning away from him.

"Oh, conspirator, eh? Whole gang of you, eh?-Let go of me-" His voice rose to a nasal roar.

"Hush, oh, hush," begged Ginger. "Eddy, don't! I'm not hurt. Oh, don't let father hear you!-Oh, please hush!"

"Bring out your old man-bring out the whole nest," bellowed the officer furiously. "We'll clean house here while we're at it."

Ginger turned despairingly to Eddy Jackson. "Eddy, make him hush!-Father's eyes ___ A shock will ___ Oh. Eddy!"

The officer, pulling himself away from Eddy's restraining hand, caught her shoulder with a grasp that flung her half to the floor, and Eddy, driven entirely reckless at the sight, leaped upon him.

But Mr. Tolliver in the small adjoining room had heard the unusual uproar in his quiet home, heard it first with surprise, then with rising indignation. With one bound he entered the living-room, and instinctively, as in a crisis one who has been accustomed to clear vision for many years is bound to do, he tore the protecting bandages from his eyes and dashed them upon the floor.

"Sir," he cried, "what do you mean by such conduct in my house?-Eddy, come away from him. I will attend to this myself. Ellen, come here to me."

But Ginger had forgotten the disgrace that yawned at her feet, had forgotten the home for the blind, the threatening jail. She looked at her father, and she saw only his face, saw his eyes, darkcircled, but clear and steady in their

"Father," she whispered, and her whisper was a song. She crept toward him timidly, as one half afraid, her hands outstretched, a sob in her throat,-"Oh, father-you-see-me!"

Startled, instinctively, as one who has shielded a bruised thing for many weeks will naturally do, he dashed his hands shelteringly across his eyes. But he removed them at once, and stared back at the girl's glad white face.

"Why, so I do," he muttered. "Yes, I do."

Ginger flung her arms about him. "Oh. darling, how wonderful of you," she cried. "How stubborn of you!-You always go just by contraries, don't you? They said a shock would blind you for ever, and instead it has made you well. Oh, darling, let them take me to jail,-I don't care a bit,-it is worth it!"

The postman, in depths of self-abasement, was torn between joy for his pastor and shame for his own share in this humiliating scene, but Ginger and her father were momentarily transported far above the mere annoyances of common life. The inspector, studying them all, was puzzled. It might be a ruse-but it did not seem to be a ruse.

"See here' there's no mistake, is there? You are E. Tolliver, aren't you? You do

claim to be the treasurer of the parsonage home for the blind?"

"Yes, I claim it all, I admit everything, and I'm glad of it. But there isn't any blind, any more.-Go on, take me to jail."

Eddy quickly intervened. "See here," he said, "of course this is a mistake. Let's sit down and talk it over. And remember, the young lady is a minor, and therefore not altogether responsible."

"Yes, I am responsible," declared Ginger. "I thought it all up myself, and it worked fine. But I didn't know it was against the law. I never thought of using the mails to defraud, because really, it wasn't a fraud. Father was blind."

"You see, she doesn't realize what she has done," argued Eddy stoutly.

"Ellen," her father's voice was low and shocked, "do you mean to tell me that you-solicited money-for a home for the

Ginger flushed crimson, and swiftly paled, but she did not flinch. "Yes, I did, father. By a chain letter. And it went like wildfire. Ten cents apiece.-That's why I paid everything in dimes, Eddy."

"But, my child, it is-almost steal-

"Oh, father, no. Doesn't it say in the Bible that the servants of God are to get what they need? And you know we did need it!

"But Ellen-it was plain begging."

"Well, all church work is. Collections are begging. And is it any worse to take money, if you can get it, from publicans and sinners, than from stewards and trustees?"

"There's at least a full bushel of mail at the office-" interrupted the inspec-

"A bushel of dimes!" she ejaculated.

"And it's got to go back where it came from. Every cent of it." But even the inspector's severity had relaxed somewhat. "Now I guess we can fix this up, if you, sir, will go bail for it that she doesn't start any more funny business. You see, miss, you pretended to run a home for the blind"

"But it was a home for the blind-one blind-

"But he's not blind." The inspector smiled.

"Preacher's luck," she wailed. "Wouldn't he get over it at just the very worst psychological moment?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to go down with us, sir. There's a deal of red tape to go through with. And the money to send back-

"I will come at once. I-I am so surprised-so shocked," stammered the confused father, "I can't tell you how sorry I am. I never dreamed that ____ Ellen. if you had told me, if you had asked

"Oh, father, I-only wanted to help vou. I- Wait a minute!"

She ran quickly up the stairs, and in the hallway above they could hear her nervously quick movements, as she balanced the ladder against the wall, and pushed open the trap-door to the attic.

"I can't imagine how she came to do

such a thing," apologized the troubled father anxiously. "But she meant all right. She was so eager to take care of

"Oh, she's just a kid," assented the inspector. "We all know what kids are."

Ginger's feet were pounding down the stairs again, and they awaited her coming in silence. She crossed the room and stood before the inspector, slim and slight, but with straight shoulders, as one willing to bear the burden of her wrong-doing.

"Here!" Into the hands of the astonished inspector she pressed an old doll's trunk, and it was heavy. "It's the rest of the dimes," she explained. "I don't know where they came from, I burned the little white angels-I mean the letters. And I spent lots of dimes, too, for ever so many things, dresses, and stockings, and even food .- These are all that are left."

"Well, now," said the inspector awkwardly, "I don't rightly know what to do with this-but I reckon I'd better take it along. Will you come, sir? We have a car."

"I will go with you," offered Hiram Buckworth.

"You'd better wear dark glasses, father," cautioned Ginger. "You mustn't see too much too soon .-- And, officer,--if anybody has to go to jail, don't you take him. You come and get me."

"Oh, nobody'll have to go to jail. We'll fix this up. And you will promise to be a good little girl-"

Ginger nodded her head nervously. Her eyes glistened with the tears that she held in check.

In a short while they were all gone and she was alone again with Eddy. The house was very still. She stood in the center of the room and stared blankly into space, stared and stared. Suddenly a great storm welled in her breast. The pain of it scorched her throat, tortured her eyes. She threw herself among the cushions in a corner of the couch, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

CHAPTER XX

A shamed and huddled heap, Ginger lay in the corner of the big oak couch, weeping stormily, her slim shoulders shaken with her sobs, while Eddy stood awkwardly before her, sadly watching. After a while, unnoticed, he sank down beside her, and waited for the passion of her emotion to spend itself, and at last. unobtrusively, he put his arm about her, by gentle pressure drawing her from the shabby silken cushions to his shoulder. Ginger, sunk in shame, paid no heed "Oh, oh," she sobbed, "oh, how terrible! Oh, I wish I were dead!"

Eddy silently drew her closer into the curve of his arm, holding her gently against his shoulder. He said nothing, With one hand, very deftly, he adjusted the small head to an easier angle, and his touch upon her was a caress.

"Oh, if people could only die when they want to-" wept Ginger.

"Don't cry, Ginger. It isn't so had

Ginger was not to be comforted. Her beautiful dream was dead-nay, had been ruthlessly murdered, choked by a heavy heel. All that she had hoped for, planned for, worked for, had come to naught

"It was so beautiful," she sobbed. "It was just beautiful while it lasted. And now it is only ridiculous."

"Oh, no. Ginger. Nothing can be ridiculous that is done in love," he said wisely. did it in love." she admitted, "but I was

pretty stuck on myself for doing it, just the same. I was awfully hipped on myself-I thought I was pretty smart all right."

"Well, it was smart-in a way," he said carefully. "Of course, it was wrong, too-in a way. It really was false pretenses-and using the mails to defraud, and all that. But you didn't know it was wrong."

But Ginger was not willing to be lifted ever so little from the dephts of her selfabasement

"Well, I wasn't at all sure it was right," she confessed ruefully. "I always felt ashamed because the people said such kind things in their letters, and I knew they were being fooled .- But I told myself that such a good man as father, and a minister and all, had a right to be taken care of .- And I tried to tell father about it, but-always I didn't. I told myself I wanted to surprise him later on-but I think I knew he wouldn't let me."

"The trouble with you, Ginger, is your mathematics," he said very gently.

She gazed at him a moment in speechless wonder.

"Math-

"Yes. You know that a whole lie is wrong-but you figure that a half lie is no lie at all.-I've-er-noticed that kind." about you several times."

Ginger smiled tremulously at that, and a fresh rain of tears swept her face. "I know it," she confessed abjectly, "I

know it. But it is so much easier to get what you want that way-"

"Oh, Ginger!"

How Ginger wept! The past was a wreckage of delicate dreams, the present a wave of disillusionment, the future swept bare by the relentless winds of certain privation.

"Oh, Eddy, I can't stand it-I simply can't!"

Helen was married, the twins were gone, the home for the blind had been ruthlessly razed about her scheming little head-only the check for five dollars for the "Bright Sayings of a Child" remained steadfast. Remembering that, she lay very still for a moment.

"Eddy," she asked suddenly, "can you remember any of the funny things you said when you were a child? The 'New York World' pays five dollars for them." Eddy smiled above the bowed little

the humbled little spirit was stretching its crumpled wings.

Slowly, very gently, he turned her head upon his shoulder, lifted her face to his. and, for the first time, kissed her trembling, tear-wet lips. Ginger's hand had gripped his shoulder. He held her close in his arms, moved his lips gently across her wet lips, pressed them upon the damp curls that clustered at her temple. The slender little figure grew suddenly tense in his arms, her hand clung to his shoulder. After a long still moment she drew away from him, slowly, and looked She squirmed uncomfortably. "Oh, I at him mistily, with troubled eyes, whose tears seemed lost in wonder. Eddy did not flinch before that wide-eyed questioning gaze.

Firmly he patted away the last of her tears, and then, almost defiantly before her very eyes, he leande toward her, kissed her again. She did not protest. When he released her, she lay limply in his arm, her face close to his face, and stared as one spellbound-that old, familiar face, which seemed suddenly very new and strange-beautiful-to her.

"Like me, Ginger?" he asked gently.

Ginger's answer was a startled jerky bob of her head. A half-smile quivered to her lips, to be quickly banished by the strange wide look of wonder.

"Why?" he insisted. "Because I'm like your father?"

Her hand tightened its grip on his shoulder. Her cheek pressed his. "You-you're not-just like my fa-

ther," she whispered.

"Ginger, you darling-you dear little darling-

No word of protest from Ginger.

His hands caressed her. His lips sought the curve of her slender throat. "I know you hate to be pawed-"

"Oh, Eddy." she interrupted indignantly, "you don't paw. You're not that

Her small hand found itself upon his cheek, her slim fingers touched it, stroked it, with a caressiveness as old as the world.

"I know I'm not at all a romantic figure-

Ginger drew away from him. There was cold indignation in her eyes, scorn for herself, her young girlish folly. She saw, as for the first time, the tender warmth of his gray eyes, the fine firm lines of his kind lips, the strong assurance in the poise of his head-all the clean honest niceness of the old familiar face. And her heart cried out to him, remembering his thousand sympathies through so many exigencies, his unfailing humour, his untiring interest. And Ginger, humbled afresh before this sweet new revelation of the old, old friend, cried out reproachfully:

"Oh, Eddy-wasn't-I-dumb?"

THE END NEXT NUMBER—"THE GIRL FROM MONTANA."

My Grandma HELEN KING

THE BAPTIST HERALD

(Written in memory of my dear Grandma who lived to be 86 years old. Fifteen years I lived with Grandma so I learned to know her in many circumstances of life. She was never idle a second and always a joy in our home. In my poem "My Grandma" I have tried to po.tray her life as she was to me a sweet, loving, and a Christian grandma.)

When a youngster I remember, What my Grandma meant to me; Birthdays never were forgotten, Dresses Grandma bought, you see?

Then as I grew up and older, Ah, that word meant more and more, As I watched and learned from Grandma, How she all her troubles bore.

Many times I sat and watched her, Sitting by the kitchen stove; Often reading in her Bible, Often darning up the clothes.

And at times we sat together, Watching the sun sink low; She recited poems and stories Which as child she first had known.

And again I picture Grandma With her tender smiling face, Hoeing in the garden, Tidying up the place.

Ah, what a heart had Grandma! Bird songs thrilled her through and through

She made pets of baby kittens, Ah, they loved my Grandma too.

And what joy was that of Grandma's Mid her flowers rare. Flowers she had planted, Flowers, flowers everywhere-

It was Grandma who first taught me How to speak in accent sweet, Her dear native German language Which, she thought, was hard to beat.

Letters written by my Grandma! It was marvelous to me Just to watch an old, old lady, Writing there with so much ease.

And a Grandma without glasses, Now that's pretty hard to beat. Yet there sat my Grandma reading And a-looking mighty sweet.

But alas, I see my Grandma When her work and day is done And I know that up in heaven Grandma's work has just begun.

Now, dear Grandma, at our parting As your grandchild let me say, You've fulfilled your place as Grandma In our memories you'll stay. North Freedom, Wis.

* * * A man all out of breath, recently rushed into a general store and said to the clerk: "A nickel mouse-trap, please, and let me have it quickly. I want to catch a train."-Continent.

Roaming To and Fro Upon the Face of the Earth

ARTHUR A. SCHADE

By the time these lines reach the readers, we will have passed over the threshold of another year. All members of the "Baptist Herald" family will have renewed their subscriptions and have done their best to extend the "Herald" family. Santa Claus will be back in his Polar workshop preparing for the next Yuletide. The writer will be tucked in his bearskin overcoat and his Hudson Sealskin cap and his sheepskin lined gloves facing the biting blizzards of Saskatchewan while his Senior colleague, Bro. A. P. Mihm, will be sharing in the same thrill up in Alberta. But before we get too far away from the good old year and lose all interest in its events, let us take a hasty glance over the rich experiences of the busy year.

The calls for service on the field have been numerous and urgent. The tasks assigned to the Secretaries have been heavy. In response to these the Field Secretary made ten major journeys which took him into the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, into the regions of the Pacific Conference on the West coast, the regions of the Atlantic Conference on the East coast, and the Texas Conference in the South. The journeys by train, bus, boat and automobile covered around 35,000 miles and kept me away from home for 270 days, took me into about 65 churches scattered over the nine conferences as follows: Atlantic 4, Eastern 5, Central 12, Northwestern 7, Southwestern 2, Dakota 5, Northern 12, Pacific 12, and Texas 3. The 25 Schools, Institutes, Assemblies, Conventions and Conferences called for addresses and class periods which in addition to the work in the individual churches total 128 addresses and 209 class periods, a total of 336. The total attendance amounted to about 22,358.

Owing to the heavy demand of Institutes and other large gatherings, time was limited for visiting with individual churches. The need and call for such work far exceeds the capacity of the Secretaries.

On the last of September I was appointed by joint action of the Publication Committee and the Executive Committee of the Union to succeed Bro. Wm. L. Schoeffel in providing the material for the Young People's and Sunday school page of "Der Sendbote." Hence I am also loaded with a heavy program of writing. During the last three months I put my lectures on young people's work into the form of a study course which is to be printed during the first six months. It was written not only for the young people, but for the pastors and more mature members of the church also, with the hope that all may be united in promoting the important work of training youth for Christian service. Wherever the German language is used, they might serve well as a study course for the weekly meeting.

During the coming year I hope to give major emphasis in study and teaching to the improvement of our Sunday schools, and if possible, to have the best that I shall be able to collect on that subject ready for a study course beginning about July or at the latest, September first, In this way I hope with the conclusion of the third year of service to place into the hands of the denomination in printed form what has been my major message to the churches. If these messages in printed form find the hearty reception which they did when orally presented, I shall feel well repaid for the labor which

I begin the year again with the churches of the Northern Conference, conducting schools at Nokomis, Ebenezer and Hilda, Alberta. In connection with this work, opportunity will be presented to visit some of the churches of the vicinity. Following these schools I hope to spend a week with the churches of Portland and vicinity in an Institute. Plans beyond that date are too indefinite to be reported at this time.

With reference to field work, kindly address the Field Secretary at his home, 18 Cedricton St., Pittsburgh, 10, Pa. If you should misplace the address, your pastor will be able to supply it. Letters directed to the office at Forest Park are sometimes delayed in reaching me, as the office is not always informed as to my whereabouts

Wishing all the friends of the field a happy and prosperous New Year, and bespeaking your continued interest and prayer, I remain gratefully

THE FIELD SECRETARY.

B. Y. P. U. Banquet First Church, Portland

On December 11 the B. Y. P. U. of the First Church, Portland, Oreg., met in Henry Thiele's Dining Room and partook of a sumptuous chicken dinner, which was prepared for us.

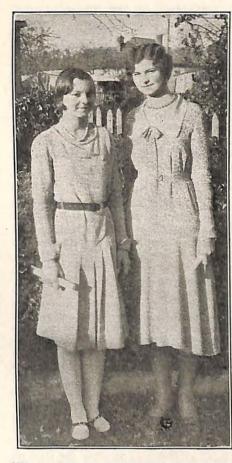
The banquet was opened by singing several B. Y. P. U. songs, led by Gus. Gunsch, and John Johnson asking a bless-

After enjoying the splendid meal and good Christian fellowship with one another, we were favored with a stunt given by each society. As you probably know, our B. Y. P. U. is divided into four so-

The remainder of the evening was enjoyed by seeing three motion pictures and slides, directed by our president, Henry Schroeder. The first set of pictures dealt with the Philippine Islands, showing us what great things the Baptists have accomplished there.

The next set were beautiful pictures of the Oregon Assembly, taken at Twin Rocks. Our minds again were refreshed by the open, out-door classes, directed by Rev. Graf, Rev. Schade and Emma Meier.

The third set were pictures of 4th and Mill streets where our church now stands. The slides were various pictures of members of our B. Y. P. U.



Winners in the two Intermediate B. Y. P. U. Sword Drill Contests.

held at the Texas-Louisiana Fall Assembly at Cottonwood, Nov. 27-30. (Left) Miss Elizabeth Stobbe. (Right) Miss Hilda Stobbe. Two sisters from Waco. Unusual for something like this to happen.

A happy time was enjoyed and we are looking forward to the next banquet.

ANNA WARDIN.

B. Y. P. U. Anniversary at Kyle

On Tuesday, December 2, 1930, the Kyle German Baptist B. Y. P. U. celebrated their anniversary with a program.

The church was beautifully decorated with different kinds of autumn leaves and flowers of the season.

The president of the organization, Norman Lengefeld, opened the program and extended a hearty welcome to all.

The program consisted of a reading, "Welcome," by Evelyn Lengefeld: three one-act plays, a three-act play and songs by the mixed choir, male choir and junior choir.

The speaker of the evening was Rev. A. A. Schade, our B. Y. P. U. and S. S. W. U. field secretary. His address was very much enjoyed.

There were quite a number of visitors present from Gatesville, Lorena, Seguin and San Marcos.

Refreshments consisting of cake and coffee were served.

RUBY WIEGAND, Sec.

Conference Meditations

CHAS. F. ZUMMACH

Ever since last conference the writer has had it in mind to set down some impressions received at this and other conferences. These observations are not offered by way of criticism, but by way of suggestions for future conferences. Conferences have, or should have, a threefold purpose: First, to supply inspiration; second, to furnish information; and third, to further application.

The Inspirational Side of the Program

This is attained in a twofold way, first, in the devotional meetings, and secondly through the inspirational addresses. Of late years it has become the custom with some of our conferences to place the devotional meeting at the close of the morning session, in charge of some one capable person, qualified to make this hour one to which the delegates and visitors can bring their jaded spirits, and refresh themselves at the Fountain of Life. Certainly this method is to be preferred to the hap-hazard method of the past in choosing different persons to lead a prayer-meeting in the morning, composed of a mere handful of people, merely to provide a place on the program for every brother. This devotional hour of the morning should be made spiritually so uplifting that delegates will flock to it. instead of flocking out after the close of the morning session.

The inspirational address. It should be kept in mind, the conference assembles for "kingdom business." While there are many factors to be considered in building up a conference program, it nevertheless remains true that "great adresses usually make a great conference." The conference should send the delegates back to their respective church or fields of labor with a sense of the dynamic of the spiritual life. "Somewhere in the program every delegate should feel him- or herself caught up to the very gates of heaven," and if such moments have not been experienced then the conference has failed in its purpose so far as that delegate is concerned. In order to accomplish this the best talent must be secured, regardless of respect of persons. Speakers should be selected because of their success in their respective fields, their ability to intelligently stir thinking people and their capacity to say things in an interesting way. They should be selected without personal favoritism or prejudice, and not to please some group or faction. There is a wealth of good material which should be utilized. While the old talent has rendered magnificent service in the past, let us have new voices and new faces on the platform. If necessary we should not hesitate to bring in outside talent, great religious leaders, who will stir the conference and send us home aflame with a zeal for God.

One of the criticisms offered of a recent conference (and I fear justly so) was that it "was more like a minister's meeting than anything else." Build the pro- most of them as a Latin Mass to the

nation in mind, rather than the preachers. Representative laymen should be given a place on our conference program committees, they would do much toward preserving our conferences from degenerating into a mere "minister's meeting." To a great extent the whole business of the conference is in the hand of the ministers. The discussions are carried on by the ministers. The various committees are composed of ministers. Even the election committees (Wahlkomitees) must be made up of ministers, as if the laymen could not be trusted to distribute and count the ballots. And why must our moderators be ministers? If we want to create a larger interest in the conference on the part of our church members,-and I take it for granted we do .- we must assign them a larger part in the program of the conference. The automobile and the hard road have made it possible for folks in larger numbers than ever before to attend our conferences. We have been encouraging our members to combine business with pleasure, and to utilize their vacation to attend the conference; but why should they follow our advice if they are made to feel that they "have no business there"?

Information

mons," some one said to me. Conference delegates are "fed up with sermons at home," when they go to a conference they have a right to expect something out of the ordinary. Around a table, set for a threshing crew, in Canada, it was noticed that one of the diners was helping himself liberally and repeatedly to the desert, to the exclusion of more substantial parts of the meal. He was asked: "Do you not want some bread and potatoes?" to which he replied: "No thanks, I get that at home every day." So while sermons, like bread and potatoes, may form an essential part of our spiritual menu, there are times, when, like the thresher, we long for cake and pie. The possibilities of pageants are great. Some form of dramatization of our denominational achievements ought to constitute a part of our conference than a set program in the regular services without any variation. It is like the memory of our dining room menu of our student days in Rochester. One could always figure out the beginning of the year what sort of a meal he would get on any given day during the year.

There is danger that our conference programs will be built up on a set and fast order received from the past, without taking into consideration changing conditions. The time has come when far more consideration must be given the language question than it has received in the past. If we expect our young people to carry on the work so nobly begun by urge which is an incentive for many peoference must be carried on in a language they understand. To carry them on in the German tongue is as meaningless to

gram with the audience and the denomi- laity of the Catholic church. Reports from churches, organizations and committees should be concise and to the point. If there is nothing to report why spend time telling it?

The moderator's address should be the main event the first day. This should not be a sermon, but deal with the vital issues before the conference. In fact, the only sermons during the conference should be on Sunday. Doctrinal, Missionary and other special sermons are a relic of the past, to which we cling, even though they have long outlived their original purpose. Long drawn out welcome speeches and responses are not alone a "weariness to the flesh," but more often than not a waste of time. Instead of that, missionaries from the foreign and home fields, who have accomplished an outstanding piece of work, should be given ample time to tell the story of their achievements. The various denominational projects, such as Foreign and Home Missions, Publications, Educational, and Religious Education, etc., should be presented by some qualified speaker in an interesting manner, and than discussed in open forum.

Ample time should be given for discussion. There is always danger to "overload" the program, to the exclusion of discussion. Also, there should be perfect "Eliminate about one-half of the ser- freedom of discussion, without subjecting any person to the suspicion that he is an obstructionist. There should be time to discuss the great problems confronting our churches, or in which churches, ministers or denomination find themselves involved. "To get one-fourth of the people sitting in conference discussing a problem is worth as much as to have the whole conference merely basking in the light of sparkling oratory."

The business of the various organizations affiliated with the conference should not be made a matter of open session for the whole conference, but should be transacted in a special meeting for that organization. A glaring instance of this mistake was the young people's program at one of last year's conferences, where the speaker of the evening was given the floor long after it was time to adjourn. program. Nothing is more disheartening mittees, named in advance, would do Nominating committees, and other commuch to expedite the business of the conference, so that time would be left for discussions.

And why not a meeting for men? The ladies' organizations, the Sunday school and Young People's organizations all have their place on the program, where their peculiar needs and problems are discussed. Have the men none? Why not bring in some outstanding speaker to discuss some of the problems in which men are vitally interested, while the ladies are having their meeting?

Programs should not be too crowded. ple to come to the conference. Seven hours a day of conference sessions is ample. The rest of the time should be given over to fellowship. To the man working alone on an isolated field, with very little opportunity for fellowship with his brethren this is an important his arrival by singing song after song. factor.

The Application

The best conferences are not those that merely uplift and inspire the visitor for the time being, but rather those which send him back to his church with a newborn zeal and a determination to become more efficient and more active in the work of the kingdom and in his own church. "Less of the pouring in process," more of the pouring out life. In order to send the delegate home inspired and informed, the meeting must have stirred the visitor so deeply with a sense of the worthwhile of what we are doing or attempting to do, that he will be urged to spread that influence among the members of his church at home.

To sum it all up, therefore, the formulation of a definite program, the setting forth of a definite task for the coming year for our churches, should form the central theme of our conference program, around which should center all our addresses, our discussions, and our pravers.

Taking Jesus Christ Seriou Thanksgiving-Days in Soppo, Cameroons

Gr. Soppo, Nov. 3, 1930. The morning of October 31 was a bright and cheerful one. The hearts of all the natives were also very happy and cheerful that day. For at last the longexpected day on which the "New Sango" was to arrive, had come. The schoolchildren had been very diligent in practicing songs with which to welcome our new missionary, Bro. Schirrmacher. Early that morning they came to school and it was quite an unmanageable crowd that the teacher had to handle.

The steamer was to arrive in Victoria early in the morning, but we folks in Soppo had no idea when my father and Bro. Schirrmacher might reach the mission-station. It requires much time to get the luggage through the customs and the motors are not dependable that one might get stalled on the road. From 10 o'clock on the children began to march up and down the road, singing songs. awaiting the truck. The time of waiting seemed rather long to them. Their stomaches made themselves also felt by the time it was 1 o'clock P. M. For the natives eat only two times a day, no breakfast, just a midday and evening-meal. I advised the children to go home and return in the evening as the expected motor might not come until late in the afternoon. But the children insisted on waiting another hour and I was so glad when at last at 2 o'clock we could hear a motor approaching, and sure enough, there was the "New Sango" from Germany. The whole mission-campus was decorated with palm-branches and flowers and it was quite a festal reception.

In the evening of that same day the school-children together with our native choir returned to give Bro. Schirrmacher another evidence of their happiness over Detroit Bethel (then the First German-

On Sunday, November 2, we had the official welcome for our new co-worker and we also celebrated the Harvest Festival. It was a real "Thanksgiving Day." The little chapel was crowded with people. Many had come from the outstations to enjoy the day with us at Soppo.

The pastor, evangelist and deacons all welcomed Bro. Schirrmacher heartily and expressed their gratitude to God for having sent another worker for the harvest. Bro. Schirrmacher himself expressed his joy of having followed the Master's call and his wish to serve him here with all his heart, that through his work he might prove his love for the natives and his hopes that they, too, will learn to love

The Sunday school scholars rendered some very fine numbers on the program. I am really quite proud of my boys and girls and thank God for what he has done for them, that many of them follow in his footsteps and try to shine for him among their fellow-men.

Thanksgiving Day was a day of praise and thanks indeed, for not only the many material blessings but the spiritual blessings as well. Nov. 2 will also always be remembered by our Soppo people as on that day they could give a warm handshake of welcome to our new co-worker. Bro. Schirrmacher. I also must say with the Psalmist: "Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits." May we all serve him wholeheartedly that his praises may be sung as far as the ends of the earth.

ERICA D. BENDER.

"The Death of His Saints Is Precious"

These are the words that Prof. F. W. C. Meyer used as a text for his beautiful and intimate tribute to the life of Mary Anna Daniel, nee Brodbeck, at the funeral service in the Bethel Church, Detroit. A large gathering of friends gave evidence of the tribute that was paid to a life that had been well lived. Surely "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saint." Mrs. Daniel was born Jan. 7, 1863, in Neuhausen, Oberamt Urach, Württemberg, Germany. In 1881 she came to the United States and made her residence in Rochester, N. Y. The following year she was converted and later baptized by Rev. Peter Ritter. It was a glad day when on September 25, 1888, the boyhood chum of Bro. Daniel was called to pronounce Carl Daniel and Mary Brodbeck hubsand ond wife. Fortytwo years these two perfect complements to one another were able to share joys and sorrows. Mrs. Daniel, in spite of a fine family that put a demand upon her strength and time was a worthy colaborer of her husband in the forty-two years of his ministry. They served together in Waterbury, Conn., 1888-1890; Harlem, N. Y., 1890-1896: Rochester, N. Y., 1896-1908; Buffalo, N. Y., 1908-1913;

American Baptist Church), 1913-1922; Superintendent of the Missionary and Benevolent Society of the German Baptist Churches of Chicago, 1922-1928, and pastor of the Second German Baptist Church of Chicago since 1928. Besides the husband eight children survive Mrs. Daniel-Mrs. H. A. Mills, Mrs. Roy D. Pichler, Mrs. R. W. Busse, Mrs. Chas. F. Seegar, C. A. Daniel, Jr., Walter R. Daniel, William R Daniel and Alvin L. Daniel. Two sisters, Mrs. Anna Reuser and Mrs. Barbara Woerner, grieve with the others over the loss that all have sustained through Mrs. Daniel's demise. May Christian friendship and God's grace help these bereaved folk to bear their loss courageously!

The B. Y. P. U. of Killaloe, Ont.

A year ago we reorganized as a young people's society. Some at the time were downhearted and discouraged, but after the sugggestion of giving it a fair trial, the young people united together. Under the loyal leadership of Mr. Gordon Kuehl they rendered a program on the fourth Sunday every month with great joy.

Our membership of the B. Y. P. U. is divided into passive and active members.

Our young people contributed generously toward putting a new roof on our country church. We had many things to be taken care of this last year in both churches, in the village and in the country, but all is paid for. To Jesus' name be given the glory and honor.

In the month of August we were fortunate in having Prof. A. Bretschneider with us for a week, giving the young people very helpful and inspiring lectures. Since that time we started a teachers training class in the village church to train young Sunday school teachers.

On Nov. 25 our B. P. Y. U. gave its annual program. A well prepared program over two hours long was rendered. A missionary play of India, "Just Suppose," and a dialogue: "Who is my neighbor?", instrumental duetts and violin solos, interwoven with recitation, all added to the attractiveness of the program. After the program we were invited to the social room for refreshments and a little chat of fellowship.

We send heartiest greetings to all the B. Y. P. U.'s of the Eastern Conference and wish them a successful year.

REV. WM. JASTER.

A Catholic Converted in Prison

While in the Omsker Prison, through God's wonderful leading I was often surrounded by a small group of Germans. In the morning we all gathered in a corner where I read the Word of God and made a few comforting remarks. One of these men who was as Catholic, drew back at first, but nevertheless, one could feel that a struggle was going on in his soul. This soon became evident.

One morning after reminding all of these friends of the seriousness of our situationfi, not knowing whether the sun

Miss Kruse Writes From West Africa

Sudan Interior Mission, Mopa via Ilorin, Nigeria, W. Africa.

Dear friends and fellow-workers:-

"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." Ps. 126:3.

Spiritually, we have just had a very uplifting and refreshing time. The semi-annual native conference was held here in Mopa, beginning the evening of July first and closing the evening of the third. The time was divided between the two churches, a mile apart, and was a great success.

I dare say that Mopa has never before seen so many white people at one time. We were nine Europeans present. We were all very glad when we heard the good news that Mr. Playfair, our Field director, was on his way; so he also was with us.

The Crowd of Natives

well filled the large church, but when we went to Odole there was room for only a very limited number since the new church is not finished, and the old one is small.

Conditions in the churches and the time of the year when food is scarce, made the natives wonder whence they would get food to entertain strangers. The Lord wonderfully undertook for them; and at the close of the conference their faces were radiant with joy. They are rejoicing that in spite of all the difficulties they were able to entertain the strangers in a way that they need not be ashamed.

The messages given were very inspiring and it was good to be present. Everything went smoothly, with much reason to praise the Lord.

The Persecution from the Rebuked Ones

who have since cast in their lot with the native chief, who is a wicked, proud old man, is quite hot. Many of the Christians are flinching under it. Do pray for them, that they may stand firm and be true witnesses. They are so much like children, and we have many disappointments with them. The ones, who seemingly can be trusted, very often are too weak to stand. They are not well grounded in the Word. In spite of the careful teaching, they have not given themselves over to it as we should like to see them do.

On the other hand there are those who have come out and are separate. But it seems that it takes a long time for them to rid themselves, or be rid, of their pagan ideas. They have so many customs, that very often they will use paganism as a license to sin, calling it their custom.

We are so thankful that it has not been given us to judge, for surely wo would many times be in a strait, and our judgment would be unjust, for the native is so very changeable.

We Are Grieved at the Lives of Many, who are in the churches. So much of that lukewarmness and indifference, such

as the Laodicean Church in Rev. 3:14-16, neither hot nor cold.

sonal effects. In the other load there must be a kettle or two, a basin or two,

Those who did not measure up and were outwardly touching the unclean things, were rebuked. Many of them have withdrawn to another so-called Church, and are now working in direct opposition, saying that they are going to wipe out the S. I. M. Church. We do not fear those, for they might as well say that they are going to do away with the Lord's work. Neither do we fear the threats and wickedness, which the native chief devises. But we know that the Lord cannot bless on the inside and draw the unsaved in until the fire is rekindled on the inside.

So will you, together with us, pray, pray, pray. Shall we not expect great things from God, since we are attempting great things for God? May we not sow bountifully, that we may also reap bountifully?

The Lord willing, at the end of the wet season, I will take a greater step forward in the work, if I may so classify it. A greater work among the women in our churches, that in turn those on the outside may be brought into the fold.

So many of the women are hindering, instead of helping in the work at present. Even many of the teachers' wives are not helpmeets to them. As a result they are stumbling blocks to the unsaved.

Girls School

Our idea in starting this Girls School, just about two years ago, was just that, that through them conditions might be changed. But since the already grown women need to be further enlightened, it was decided that I will (D. V.) try to organize such a work as soon as I can be relieved from the school. Since the station was closed while I was away, and since I have returned to the field from furlough, only a few weeks ago, I am very, very busy. The native conference not far away when I arrived, I could not open the school until now; but I hope to do so next Monday. Up until now I have given a short period each day, to teaching the few girls with me on the mission compound only.

As I go on with the school work now, I hope to have a large group of girls, as formerly. The wet season will be over in a few more months; so please pray that by that time someone might be sent here to take charge of the school, that I might be free to go out to the surrounding churches and seek to lift the women to a higher plane, that is those who are Christians, and that the unsaved might be drawn in.

Such Work Will Take Much Traveling It will mean that I am away from the station here a good bit of the time; but it will be real evangelization, the very kind of work dear to me—the personal touch.

It will mean calling it home weherever I take off my hat. I will have several head loads, that is loads carried by the natives on their heads, with me. In these loads I will have a camp bed, with bedding and a mosquito net, and a few per-

must be a kettle or two, a basin or two, an enamel set of dishes consisting of a plate or two, a cup and a bowl or two. A set of forks and knives, some tinned meat and several tins of condensed milk, some tea, perhaps coffee, and if there is room, anything else that I might have on hand. But what is that to be compared with the blessing that through us, can be brought to human lives? What a joy to be privileged to hold up the Lord Jesus before humanity, these darkened souls, that they might see him in all his beauty and holiness. Then the bring them to the foot of the cross where they can be pardoned from all of their sin.

Shall we not together lay hold of God in prayer, claiming his promises? May we truly work together in bringing in the lost, that together we might reap the blessing, and at last hear the words, "Well done!"

Christian greetings to all.
Yours in the Lord's harvest,
AMANDA P. KRUSE.

(We regret that this letter was mislaid and is therefore somewhat delayed in publication. We will be glad to hear oftener from Miss Kruse and her work. Editor.)

Taking Jesus Christ Seriously

(Outline for discussion)

Taking Jesus Seriously in Prayer

Jesus said, "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. 21:22). Read also John 14: 12, 13.

Question: Do we read God: 12, 13.

Question: Do we need God in our churches as much today as the early churches needed him?

Taking Jesus Seriously in Stewardship

Jesus said, "Whosoever he be of you that renounces not all that he hath, he cannot be-my disciple" (Luke 14:33). Read also Matt. 6:31-33.

Question: Is it possible for Christians today to take the same position regarding stewardship that Jesus took?

Taking Jesus Seriously in Evangelism

Jesus said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven" (Matt. 5:16).

Question: Does the daily life of professed Christians help or hinder others in finding God?

Taking Jesus Seriously in Personal Conduct

Jesus said, "By their fruits ye shall know them. Not everyone that saith to me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in Heaven" (Matt. 7:21, 22).

Question: Are modern Christians easily distinguished by their conduct?

Taking Jesus Seriously in Service

Jesus said, "If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me" (Matt. 16:24). Read also Matt. 5:11, 12.

Question: Can our churches provide opportunity for all disciples to exhibit the martyr spirit?

A. BREDY.

A Philippine Letter

Capiz, Capiz, P. I., November 10, 1930.

To our dear friends in the good old U.S.A.

It is still a good while before Santa will come sliding down the chimney to fill your stockings with all sorts of good things. The signs of the times, however, tell us that this letter must be written at once if it to reach you by that time.

Here there is nothing in the air to remind one that the Christmas season is drawing nigh. There is no frost on the pumpkin, no fodder in the shock, no raspin' of the tangled leaves, no snowflakes in the air, nor any other signs of which the poet spoke. Rather, as I sit here at the open window in a sport shirt and white trousers, with a gentle breeze blowing over me, the perspiration trickles down my back so that it almost makes me giggle like a bashful little farmer's maid when she first sees a boy look at her from across the street.

Our little daughter, Marian Elizabeth, is getting used to the climate in the tropics and seems to enjoy it. She is happy and smiling all the day long. Just now she is recovering from her first encounter with a contageous disease-the measles. She walks around the side of her play yard, venturing to take a step or two alone when she thinks no one is looking. "Mama" and "papa" are words she has long used, and more recently she added several new ones, such as "up" when she wants to be picked up, "doll" for her favorite playmate, a bathing beauty minus the arms, and "again" when she wants her daddy to make another funny face for her particular amusement. She is a source of great joy to us, and makes life much more bearable out here where it is lonesome and hot.

The work in the churches is continuing to grow. There seems to be a constant gain in the membership, though the total number of additions for the year is not large. The pull is slow, but we feel it is sure. It would be a simple thing to get several hundred to join the church by baptism. But such statistics, though they might look well, would mean less than nothing. It is hard enough to keep those of whom one is fairly sure of a change in their lives on the straight and narrow road.

The other day I visited again

Our Youngest Church

I say youngest, because this church has been organized only since our return to the field, though we started to work there about four years ago. There is strong opposition. At a recent baptismal service there were some present who did everything they could to be perfect instruments of Satan. It was rather amusing to see one man standing on the veranda of his house, about 25 yards away, call to the people assembling on the bank of the river to witness the baptismal scene to leave there and go to the Catholic church. This little group of Christians, 24 of them now, have recently ac-

quired a new house of worship. To those who dwell in marble halls, and worship in stately temples costing a million or more, this may sound somewhat strange. To these people the place is a temple. The building is nothing more or less than a cockpit, a place where cockfights are wont to be held. The former owner has heard the "Good News," and though he is not vet willing to openly confess Jesus as his Lord, he does attend the services and has been willing to sell his cockpit to the little group of Christians to be used for a chapel. And think of the exorbitant price paid for this structure, bamboo to be sure, ten pesos, or five dollars in American money. And the pastor, a voung man with a family, receives the enormous salary of thirty pesos a month, fifteen dollars gold (which by the way is raised by a Sunday school class in America), and in addition he receives scorn, persecution and threats of death, if he continues this nefarious business of preaching the Gospel. On one occasion. recently, while baptizing some new converts, he was struck in the forehead by a stone, thrown by a friend of the priest. With it all he is patient, exemplifying the Master, who when he was reviled, reviled not again.

Then there is

Luisa, Our Blind Bible Woman,

who just came in to see us. She has been in the service now for a good many years. She still goes around from place to place preaching and singing. Once in a while she comes in to draw her salary, four dollars gold a month. I wish you might hear her talk of her experiences. She, too, knows what it is to be persecuted. Today she told me of a meeting she conducted where a number of women gathered under the house (remember houses here are built from four to six feet from the ground) to make a disturbance and break up the meeting. They heard something she said, became interested and stayed to listen. Later, when she came down out of the house, they were standing at the foot of the ladder and asked her to tell them more of the old, old story. Today they are asking for bantism.

Open Doors

I had hardly returned to my study after listening to her, when I was again called to the door, this time by the father of one of our former schoolboys. He came with a plea from his town some 20 miles away. He himself conducts a service every Sunday morning. There are five members, but many others attend, including the mayor of the town. He came to me to see if we could not come and preach to them at least once a month. A piece of land has been donated and they are ready to build a chapel, but five poor people cannot give much. We have no workers to be sent there. And so we pray again to the "Lord of the harvest to send reapers into the field for they are already white unto the harvest."

From another section comes a letter: "We are seven members here now. All

the people are interested. There is no Roman church here. The people are waiting only for your coming to preach to us the Good News of Jesus. When will you come?" And again we pray. All this time, hard by to the right is a large village where a Sunday school is conducted by two of our girls. Each Sunday morning most of the adults in the village gather and ask, "When will the pastor come and preach to us?" What will we do? The answer lies in part in your hands.

Today we are happy again for we have just received our mail. A strike on the railroad over which comes most of our mail, had so completely tied up the service that not a wheel moved. Our groceries, which had been ordered from Iloilo, were held up at the other end of the line. So also our mail from loved ones at home, while we, at this end of the line, were almost completly isolated. A temporary agreement has been reached, and today the first train came through.

Many good things are awaiting us in the near future. At the end of this month we will have our annual Christian Endeavor Convention. This is a gathering of all the young people in our provinces for inspiration and evangelism. This will be followed by a visit from our Secretaries, Miss Sandburg, Dr. Franklin and Dr. and Mrs. Lerrigo. We are looking forward to having them with us. We need them. Dr. and Mrs. Lerrigo served long and faithfully on this field. Two little graves on the hillside silently testify to their devotion to these people and their Master. Then will come the Christmas program in the churches, which will of course call forth many a silent smile from the missionary. And then Christmas in our own home, with all its joys. It will be the first one in which Marian will share.

Now I must close. May we ask you to kindly consider this a personal letter to each one of you. With most cordial greetings and well wishes to you all for a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy New Year, we remain,

Your representatives in the Philippines,
REV. AND MRS. S. S. FELDMANN
AND MARIAN.

Wonders of Grace

We are experiencing wonders of grace at our new mission station in Macia. At the time of my last visit we celebrated the Lord's Supper there for the first time. Upon this occasion five new converts applied for baptism and six others requested our prayers.

GUSTAV HENKE, Ramirez, Argentine.

Evidence of God's Grace

The past quarter has been one in which we experienced the blessings of God. Twenty-four souls were added to the church by baptism, and four other former members re-united.

JOHANN SCHLIER, Roumania.

Marks of a Good Citizen

G. B. WALL

Webster defines a citizen: "A member of a state—a person—native or naturalized, of either sex, who owes allegiance to a government, and is entitled to a reciprocal protection from it."

Our question however is, How are we to recognize the marks of a good citizen? Of course we must turn to the greatest of all authorites—the Bible—for our answer. Naturally we shall not have time to go into a detailed discussion of all the minor qualifications necessary.

Are we justified in taking the stand that we should not concern ourselves with affairs of civic nature? Phil. 3:20: "For our conversation is in heaven from whence we look for the Savior—the Lord Jesus Christ." Does this excuse us from performing our civic duties in this life? Does this lift us above the pale of the law? Does the fact that you are a citizen of the United States release you from the obligations of state and city duties?

A real Christian differs from a successful politician inasmuch as the latter realizes the breaking down and failure of our present day system of government and tries to remedy it by various social and governmental experiments (or reforms). The Christian realizes that the only successful form of government is theocracy and realizes that only with the coming of our Lord and Savior will the unrighteousness of our present day of government be righted.

How then can we recognize good citizens?

First, they recognize no class distinction. While it is true that here in America there is supposed to be no class or social distinction we find it prevalent wherever we turn. The races are set against one another—the rich despise the poor and the middle class looks with scorn upon both the former. The professional person looks down upon the laborer and the laborer hates the professional person.

Society is divided in itself. For example, Vice-President Curtis of the Washington Society says, "Our nation is praised as a government of the people—by the people—for the people," and so it should be in reality.

The spirit of this is gradually obliterated. Shrewd lawyers can twist the ends of justice to suit the occasion and defeat the ends of real justice.

Is it our duty to visit pits of infamy in our efforts to bring about the fulfillment of the law?

No, I do not believe that this is the business of a Christian. Our business is to show a better life than our neighbor. A life lived in peace and quietness but at the same time a determined stand for right.

I believe one of the greatest opportunities and also the most recognized method of showing the character of our citizenship is through the ballot.

This is recognized as a thermometer of your interest in civic affairs and should

be the greatest weapon placed into the hands of the citizens of our county.

Why is it that at an election seldom more than 50% of the registered voters cast their ballot?

What about Christian prayer for enlightenment upon vital questions?

If, for example, we believe that the heads of all nations are placed there by God, all powers are subject to God. (Rom. 13:1-7.) A national and state election is called-as will be in 1932. What should be the procedure of all true Christians? Should it not be, the presenting of the magnitude of the question and acknowledgment of one's inability to decide this question before the throne of God with an unbiased mind and open heart and the appeal to our Supreme Guide in all matters for the proper enlightenment and the expression of his will in this matter? Could the result be that 50% would stay away from the polls? Part of the balance vote Republican, part Democratic, part Socialistic? No, it would be such an overwhelming victory for righteousness that even the foundations of hell and iniquity would be shaken.

How many of us vote intelligently when we do cast our ballot? How many really know for whom we are voting or what we are voting for? With some people the vital question is, Does the man belong to the Catholic or Protestant religion? Also, Is he foreign-born or American? How many really inquire into his ability to intelligently fill the position, into his honesty and integrity or what effect the filling of this position will have upon the welfare of the community and nation?

May we all try to be such citizens as are glad to stand before their God and answer his challenge cheerfully and with the full conviction that it shall be said of us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"

Los Angeles, Calif.

He Got the Job

We see a touch of initiative now and then. It is all too rare. But when it appears, it is apt to receive recognition.

You have heard of a "want ad" for an office boy which brought many applicants at the appointed time and place. They were all lined up, each awaiting his turn. However, one little fellow scribbled a note and handed it to the young lady at the information desk requesting its immediate delivery to the boss. When he opened the note to read these words: "I am the last kid on the line. Don't do anything until you see me."

Of course "the Boss" waited until he saw the writer of the note. He found him not only with that sparkle of originality which attracted his attention but also with other qualities commensurate. So the job went to the "last kid on the line."

At many another time and place the last may be first. It is more a matter of capacity and of skill than it is of position in the line.

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